

THE JESTERS.

The jester mounted to the throne,
The while did sleep the king,
"A monarch now am I," he said,
And lightly did he sing:
"Now bring to me my ermine robes
And bring my crown to me,
And take this cap and take these bells
To his great majesty."

The courtiers did as they were bid,
And called the joke supreme,
They waited round until the king
Awoke from out his dream.
Soon in he came arrayed in cap,
And shaking loud his bells;
And all the courtiers stood aghast
As this strange dream he tells:

"I dreamed," said he, "that I was king,
(The jester's frown was plain)
"And that I sat upon the throne
And ruled this broad domain;
That while I slept the good king came
And bore his crown to me,
And said: 'This day I thee invest
With all my majesty.'"

"But when I awoke, arrayed was I
In my old jester's suit,
This cap, these bells; and on my tongue
The same light bubble fruit
Of jest and song." The courtiers laughed,
And, breaking all the rules,
Of procedure, the jester reigned,
A very prince of fools.

And none can say unto this day,
Who played the greater joke;
The jester with his golden crown
Seems burdened with a yoke;
The king laughs now that wept before,
And seems a slave set free,
And all the courtiers, puzzled, ask:
"Say, what is majesty?"
—Chicago Daily News.

The KIDNAPPED MILLIONAIRES

A Tale of Wall Street and the Tropics

By FREDERICK U. ADAMS

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CHAPTER XX.—CONTINUED.

"They must see the white flag on this cliff!" he said to himself. They were not three miles away. Mr. Carmody stood on the highest point and waved his handkerchief. Nearer and nearer came the ship. He fired the rifle again and again. Could they see him? Would they understand? He plainly saw the lifeboats and the chart house of the oncoming vessel. Her masts rocked gracefully in the swell of the ocean. He saw the jibs flutter in the fresh breeze. The bow swung to starboard; the long hull of the ship stood for a moment broadside to the shore; the huge sails flopped in the wind as she "came about;" they flattened as the ship obeyed the rudder; the masts careened and steadied; the foam showed white at her bows, and the ship stood away to the northeast on a starboard tack. Mr. Carmody saw the wheelman without the aid of a glass, and could see the faces of the sailors as the ship stood broadside the moment before she again went out to sea.

"They are scoundrels to pay no heed to a flag of distress!" he said aloud as the ship swiftly receded, and at last became a mere speck in the northeastern horizon. It was a sad awakening from a happy dream. Alas! how often we sail proudly by the fluttering rags of distress! Life's marooned are on islands in every metropolis. The battered hulks of humanity go down in sight and hearing of prosperous voyagers. Storm-tossed sailors, unable to breast life's tempestuous seas, perish on society's coasts, and no lifeboat puts out from shore. The wrecker burns his false lights along the rocks.

The indignation of Mr. Carmody was shared by his companions, but they regarded it as a hopeful sign that two ships already had been seen from the rocks. This proved beyond doubt that these waters were frequented by traffic, and there was a chance that some generous skipper might recognize their flag of distress.

Sunday was observed as a day of rest. No work, other than the routine of housekeeping was performed. In the afternoon Sidney and Mr. Kent visited the park and brought back a fresh stock of bananas. On the preceding day Mr. Kent had shot a fine deer, and the Sunday dinner was excellent. Mr. Rockwell read aloud a chapter from the Bible, and made a short address, in which he said they had reason to thank Providence for having protected them in many perils on land and sea. He followed with an earnest prayer, in which he returned thanks to God for His manifold blessings and invoked His assistance in their future undertakings.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE BUILDING OF THE JUMPING JUPITER.

Work on the boat proceeded with great rapidity. Under the supervision of Mr. Carmody the foundation timbers of the raft were felled and

rolled to the flat rock which served as a pier. His theory was to construct a raft with a sustaining power of 5,000 pounds. The buoyancy of the timber was carefully tested, and an allowance made for the loss by absorption of water. These experiments showed that the timber did not possess the proper specific gravity to sustain the weight of a cabin, masts and the eight voyagers. This necessitated a change of plan, and the construction of air-tight compartments. They therefore built a framework of logs 40 feet in length and 14 feet in width, and so mortised and pinned it together that it could withstand any ordinary strain. Every five feet it was braced with cross timbers. This framework was constructed on logs which served as rollers. They floored it over with the seasoned timber which had been found back of the storehouse. The cracks were caulked with fiber from the cocoa palm and smeared with pitch, which was found in abundance in resinous trees. Upon this foundation they erected the framework for a hull five feet in depth, and then rolled the structure into the lake.

L. Sylvester Vincent solicited the honor of naming the boat. He argued that he was the youngest member of the party and the most innocent. His request was granted, and he took his position at the forward end of the craft. In one hand he held a quart bottle of mineral water, while with the other he clung to one of the uprights. At a signal from Mr. Carmody the blocks beneath the rollers were knocked out and the scow started down the incline. There was a four foot drop from the rock to the water. With increasing momentum the structure rolled down the slanting surface. When the center passed the edge of the rock, the forward end dived. At that instant the alert Vincent smashed the bottle against the upright.

"I name thee—Jumping Jupiter!"

The bow went 15 feet under water and L. Sylvester Vincent went with it. In the yeast of wave and foam Mr. Vincent rose to the surface near the center of the raft. He was badly disorganized, and for a moment sputtered and gasped for breath. But he was soon on his feet and was game to the core. The raft was a hundred yards from shore.

"Talk about your toboggan slides!" shouted Vincent, as he



MR. VINCENT AROSE TO THE SURFACE.

raised the broken bottle in the air. "That beats Coney Island. I name thee 'Helen Carmody!'"

"Hold on there!" yelled Mr. Kent. "You named that boat 'The Jumping Jupiter' before you went below. Stick to your first name, or you will queer the ship. 'The Jumping Jupiter' is a good name."

Mr. Carmody laughed uproariously. "You gentlemen planned to pay my daughter a compliment, and I thank you for it," he said. "It is just as well. There is a yacht named after Helen. So we will stick to the name which Mr. Vincent first selected. It is an euphonious title, and I hope it will bring us good luck. Let's go out and help Vincent tow 'The Jumping Jupiter' back to the dock."

Day by day "The Jumping Jupiter" grew in size, if not in beauty. Her hull was divided into eight compartments, and these were sheathed and made as air-tight as possible. On top of them they built a 24-foot cabin with a storeroom and some rude bunks. From opposite ends of the cabin arose two short masts. At night they worked on the sails, and finally produced two triangular ones, sewed together from the window awnings which had been found in the bungalow. These were rigged lateen wise, with a long yard fashioned from a bamboo pole. It was decided to abandon the lookout on the rock, and to concentrate the entire working force on the boat. A long oar was pivoted at the rear to serve as a rudder, and an extra one was made for use in case of accident. On the bow they constructed a clumsy but strong windlass, as a capstan to lift the anchor. A 500-pound rock of irregular, jagged formation, was provided as an anchor. Mr. Kent suggested the use of the gold images for this purpose, but was greeted

with so firm a refusal from Simon Pence that he was overruled.

On Tuesday General Superintendent Vincent announced that they had overlooked the fact that Monday was recognized in all civilized countries as "wash day." He found upon investigation that the table and chamber linen needed cleaning. He was reluctant to assign anyone to this duty, but offered his services, if he could have an assistant. Mr. Rockwell promptly volunteered. They found a "big wash" ahead of them, but tackled it with cheer and energy. There were no tubs in the bungalow, but there were plenty of large casks, which when cleaned, served as well. Sidney Hammond succeeded in making two fairly effective washboards with a rabbit plane and a piece of hardwood plank. With plenty of soap and hot water the multi-millionaire and the Chicago promoter were soon hard at work.

There was an abundance of rope, and they stretched their clothes lines back of the bungalow. When ready with the first basket of washed linen, they found the lines occupied by parrots and other gaudily plumaged birds, who were disputing possession with a troop of jabbering monkeys. These were driven away, but they returned as soon as the laundrymen were out of sight.

A gray-bearded monkey grabbed a napkin and made for the tallest tree. Vincent arrived just in time to save a tablecloth from being torn to pieces by these bander-logs. It was then decided to hang out no clothes until all of the washing was done, and then to stand guard until it was dried. They accomplished their task before eight o'clock in the morning. Perhaps a scrupulous housewife might have found flaws in their work, but it was "good enough for a man," as Vincent expressed it.

Those who have followed these chronicles of the abducted millionaires, may have noted an absence of complaint or remonstrance at their fate. It is a matter of record that from the time Mr. Morton failed to swerve Walter B. Hestor and Capt. Waters from their purpose, the subject of the kidnapping or the incidents connected with it, never were made the subject of discussion. To a man, they accepted the situation which had been thrust upon them, with that imperturbable composure which defies the caprices of fate or circumstance. Every one of the six multi-millionaires had interests at stake hardly to be measured in money, but they preserved an unruffled mien, and deported themselves as if abduction were one of the common events of life, provided for in the table of chances and averages. They talked about New York as if it were a city within easy reach of "Morton Bay" and the Hestor Bungalow, and acted as if on a pleasure trip rather than the marooned victims of a plot.

This air of indifference was not assumed. It was second nature to these men. For more than a generation they had been on the firing line of humanity's most merciless battlefield. They had lived in an atmosphere of tumult. They had waged warfare on the edge of a volcano ever threatening an eruption. They had trained themselves to meet crises with placidity, and to float on the resistless tide of fortune with an even keel; ever alert to take advantage of the first change of wind or weather. Adversity was but an incident to be calmly studied and solved. Of such are the post-graduates of Wall Street.

An incident occurred on Thursday, the 15th of May, which disturbed the even course of events on Social Island.

In the bluish-gray of dawn, six of the colony renewed work on "The Jumping Jupiter." Light, misty clouds obscured the eastern sky and a vapor hung over the lake. As the sun mounted the heavens this fog slowly lifted.

Mr. Rockwell was working on the bow of the boat, laying the flooring which served as a deck. He paused a moment to rest, and looked out toward the black gateway to the bay. Something invited his gaze. He shaded his eyes with his hand.

"What is that?" he exclaimed, pointing in the direction of the rock, where Mr. Pence had so narrow an escape. All eyes were turned to the point indicated by Mr. Rockwell. In the freshening morning breeze, a triangular white flag fluttered from the ledge of rocks.

"What does that mean?" said Sidney. "No one here has placed a flag on that rock."

Mr. Pence and Mr. Haven were at work in the bungalow. They were sent for, but had no knowledge of the flag. No member of the party had been across the bay since Monday. Certain it was that the flag had not been there the preceding day. It was a large white flag and could not have escaped notice.

"Let's investigate this," said Sidney. "It is well to be cautious."

He went to the bungalow and brought back four rifles. Mr. Kent, Mr. Morton and Mr. Vincent were selected to accompany him and they were soon on the raft and down the

bay. They circled around the rock from a distance, but saw no sign of human beings. There seemed to be a pile of boxes and packages on the apex of the rocks.

"We will go in," said Sidney. "Mr. Kent and I will keep a lookout."

Mr. Morton and Vincent pushed the raft forward and they swung in back of the rock. It was low tide. The first thing that attracted their attention was a 15-foot yawl or dingy, well up on the shore, with its painter wrapped around a tree. This boat was brand new; not a scratch showing on its varnished sides. The handles of its four oars showed no traces of having been used. It was such a boat as four men could safely use in ordinary weather, and specially fitted for service on such a reach of water as "Morton's Bay." A hurried examination revealed no name and gave no clue to the manufacturer. It was a model from which thousands have been made.

On the brow of a rock was a pile of boxes and cases. The flag floated from a staff, which was propped up by a large stone. Just below the flag was a tab or card such as express companies use, tied firmly to the flagstaff. Mr. Morton read the inscription. It was as follows:

On board the Shark, May 18th.
To Messrs. Palmer J. Morton, Andrus Carmody, John M. Rockwell, Simon Pence, R. J. Kent, Hiram Haven, Sidney Hammond and L. Sylvester Vincent, guests of Hestoria Island and Bungalow, with the compliments of
WALTER B. HESTOR.

Two of the boxes were heavy, and water was dripping from them. An examination showed that they were packed with ice. There were 15 boxes. The yawl was pushed into the water and loaded with as much of the freight as could safely be carried. The remaining boxes were placed on the raft. The beach being clear—the tide was at its ebb—Mr. Haven and Mr. Morton walked along the cliffs and back to camp. Sidney rowed the yawl and Vincent took charge of the raft. Aided by a favoring breeze, he made good time. The boxes were deposited on the deck of "The Jumping Jupiter" and opened. There was lively curiosity concerning their contents. The first box yielded several hundred pounds of choice cuts of steak, and roasts of beef. The second one contained an assortment of legs of lamb and other fresh meats. These were at once taken to the storehouse. The meat was in excellent condition and would keep fresh for many days.

There were crates filled with vegetables, lettuce, strawberries, radishes, and all the garden luxuries of that season of the year. It was a tempting array, and L. Sylvester Vincent was in his glory. Then there were cases of champagne, a box filled with pickles, table sauces, oils, etc. There was a supply of fresh meat and vegetables sufficient to last a week or ten days, even if the castaways used nothing from the boundless resources of the island.

"A sirloin steak will taste good again," said Mr. Kent as he hammered the top from the last box. He displayed to view a top layer of the latest magazines. Then he found a number of new books and a varied assortment of May publications. In the bottom of the box were copies of newspapers. There was a rush for these papers.

There were copies of the New York papers dated from May 2d to May 12th, also copies of New Orleans papers as late as May 14th. In addition to these were copies of Chicago and Philadelphia papers from the time of their departure from New York up to dates comparatively recent.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Rockwell, after ten minutes had elapsed, "we have read enough to indicate that none of our families has suffered from death or serious illness up to the time these papers were printed. We can postpone a study of less important matters until our morning's work is done. Let us proceed to our task and do our reading later."

This suggestion was agreed to, and Vincent carried the precious box to the bungalow. The news from the great outside world from which they were separated acted as a stimulus to their energies. It was nearly 11 o'clock before Mr. Carmody gave the signal to cease, and they returned to the big dining room, where a tempting dinner awaited them.

Both Had Difficulties.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox is in constant receipt of letters begging for financial assistance, literary advice and gratis poems.

"Our people," read one of the letters, "want to carpet their new church. They are going to give an entertainment next month. Will you please send a poem suitable for the occasion? We cannot pay you, but we will remember you. Our people are poor, and it is hard for them to make both ends meet."

The answer from the poetess contained the following:

"In poetry as in other walks of life, it is difficult to make ends meet. I cannot assist you, but in our mutual difficulties I hope for our mutual success."

BIRTHS EXCEED DEATHS.

Statistics Prove That "Race Suicide" Is a Myth So Far as It Applies to United States.

Washington, Sept. 4.—Race suicide in the United States is a myth, according to W. A. King, chief statistician for vital statistics of the census office. Instead of there being danger that the country will be depopulated, the question will soon be one of handling the number of people. In 1900 the enumerators found 2,049,132 children born that year; and a record of 1,039,094 deaths, or an excess of births of 1,010,038.

This large excess of births was revealed despite the fact that the deaths are recorded with much more accuracy than the births, and it is admitted that the percentage of births not recorded is surprisingly large. Because of the difficulty of disposing of dead bodies in any except the manner prescribed by law, there are few cases in which a death is not reported to the authorities, but carelessness and other reasons cause thousands of parents and physicians to neglect putting births in the records.

A persistent campaign to obtain a more perfect registry of births is occupying the census officials at the present time, and, when the next general census is taken, it is thought that the excess in births will be much larger than that found in the census of 1900. International statistics available in Washington show that only two European countries—Austria-Hungary and Italy—had a greater birth rate, while all but two of those for which there are figures at hand had a greater death rate than the United States during the decade which ended with 1900. The countries which had a smaller death rate were Norway and Sweden.

A SIN OF THE FATHERS.

John Temple-Graves Says the Curse Now on the Negro Will Be Lifted When God Is Obeyed.

Chicago, Sept. 4.—Mr. John Temple-Graves, of Georgia, delivered an address on "The Problem of the Races" Thursday morning before the forty-eighth convocation of the University of Chicago. He said in part: "The prejudice of race is a pointing of providence and the antagonism of peoples is the fixed policy by which God peoples the different portions of the universe and establishes the individuality of the nations. The act that brought these people together on this continent was a sin of the fathers, a sin of greed, an iniquity of trade, and the sorrow and suffering of the present is for the sin of the past—a sin against nature and a sin against God. The curse can be lifted only when nature is vindicated and God is obeyed. The problem will be solved only when the negro is restored to the bounds of his habitation."

CATLEMEN WIN THEIR CASE.

Railroads Asked for Case to Be Dismissed and Will Not Put Increased Rate into Effect Yet.

Topeka, Kan., Sept. 4.—The cattle rate hearing which has been in progress before the state board of railway commissioners here this week came to a sudden termination yesterday when the railroad attorneys asked that the case be dismissed without a decision. The railroads had announced their intention of putting into effect a rate on live stock which would amount to a 15 per cent. increase over the present rates. It was announced that this rate would become effective September 5. The cattlemen complained to the board of railway commissioners and the case was set for hearing Wednesday.

KILLED TWENTY OF THEM.

Jolo Constabulary Engage in Deadly Conflict With Insurrectos in the Province of Cavite.

Manila, Sept. 4.—The Jolo constabulary have come in conflict with a body of insurrectos in the province of Cavite, near the Laguna de Bani and killed 20 of them during a sharp engagement. The constabulary had one man killed during the fight. Reinforcements have already left Manila for the scene of the disturbance to subdue the insurgents who have taken up a strong position in the mountains which flank the Laguna.

Hanna Will Stump Ohio.

Cleveland, O., Sept. 4.—Senator Hanna was at his office for a brief period Thursday for the first time since his illness. Mr. Hanna is still determined to go on the stump in the republican state campaign which opens September 19, notwithstanding that it will probably be against the advice of his physician.

Struck by Lightning While Milking.

Guthrie, Ok., Sept. 4.—Mrs. Rhodes, who lived eight miles north of Wood in Washita county, was struck by lightning while milking and instantly killed. The bolt also killed two cows and a calf.

French and American Soldier Fight.

Pekin, Sept. 4.—In a fight between 15 French soldiers and four Americans the French used bayonets and two of the Americans were seriously wounded.